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“Those Beautiful Eyes”







# “Those Beautiful Eyes”

By  
Branch Comell

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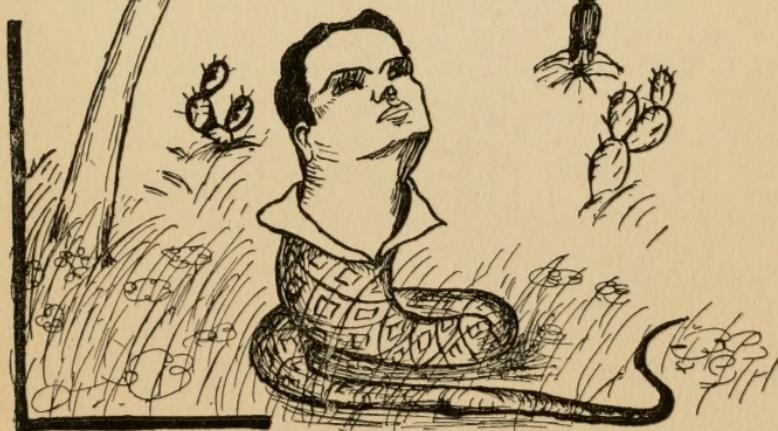
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Mo. I.

# Those Beautiful Eyes

A serpent lay coiled 'neath a bush on the sand  
And his eyes sparkled bright  
With a vigorous light.  
He looked toward the blue, where a cooling breeze fanned  
And he sighed a deep sigh  
As he wished he could fly;  
But he was only a snake on the sand:  
Born, forever, to crawl in the sand.







## 11

A little green-wren gave her young wings a test.  
How she laughed with delight  
As she sped in her flight.  
Her wings growing weary she settled to rest  
And with welcome surprise  
Looked down into the eyes  
Of the gaudy marked snake on the sand;  
Of the serpent coiled up on the sand.



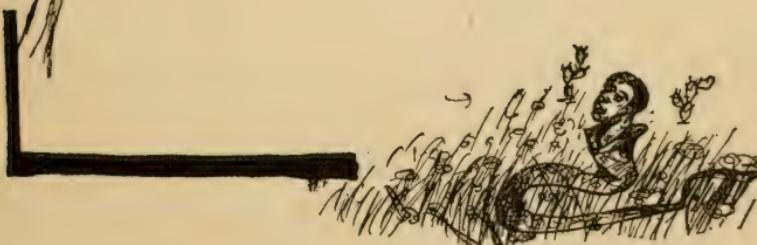


mother's breast heaved as she noted the flight  
And saw her young fledgling  
Pause to rest on the hedge :  
Her pride and her joy were turned into fright  
When she saw her heart's-prize  
Gazing into the eyes  
Of the serpent looking up from the sand;  
Of the brilliant eyed snake on the sand.





Look th'ward the zenith! Look away from the earth!  
Cried the mother in fear;  
But the youth would not hear.  
She seemed to forget her own native worth.  
She saw eyes, sparkling bright  
With a lustrous light  
Taming up from the snake on the sand;  
Dreamy-eyes of the snake on the sand.



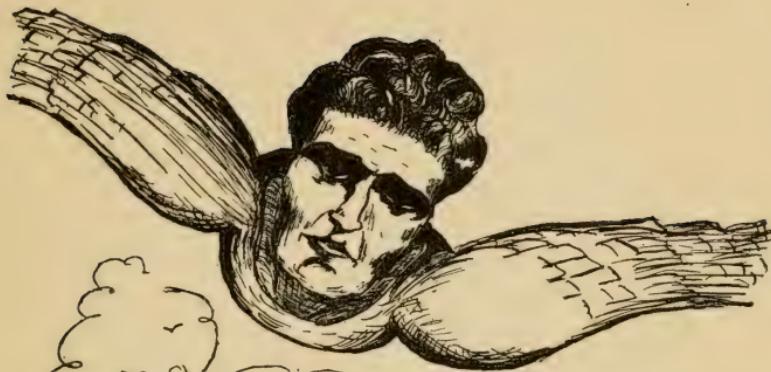




O! What beautiful eyes." Sighs the love enrap't bird.  
Her heart all afire  
With a new found desire.  
Of her mother's wild warning. She hears not a word;  
She forgets that the sky  
Is all hers, if she'll fly.  
But she longs to go down to the sand:  
To the serpent looking up from the sand.







✓ VI

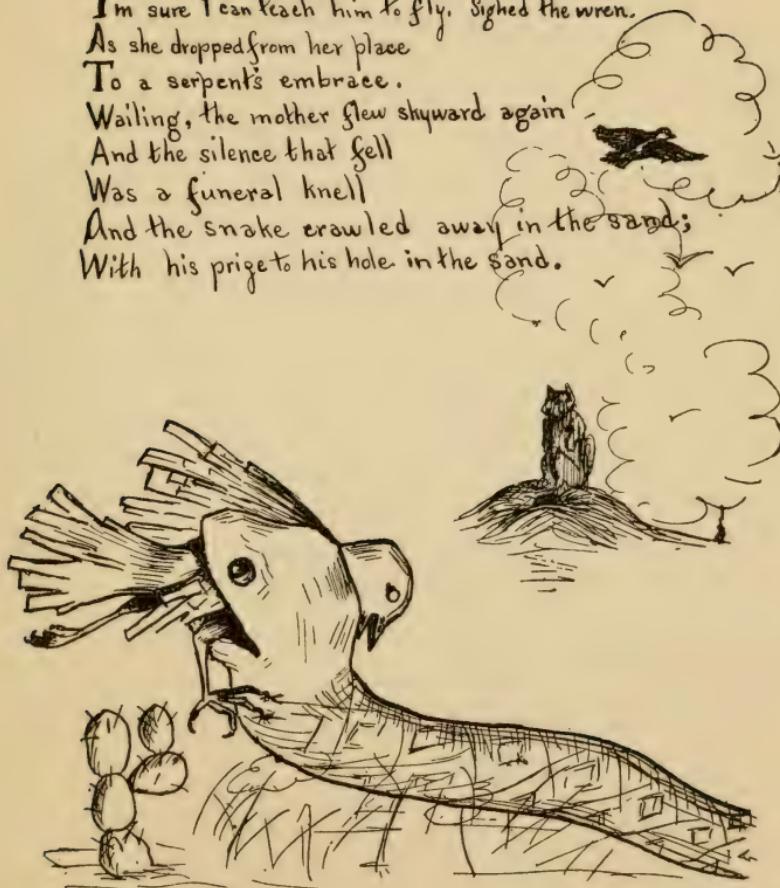
The mother screams out a wild warning in vain  
And with frightened despair  
Beats about in the air.  
The fledgeling not heeding; her young blood insane,  
Thinks her mission's below  
Where the haunting eyes glow  
Of the leek-like marked snake on the sand;  
Of the uniformed snake on the sand.





## VII

"I'm sure I can teach him to fly," sighed the wren.  
As she dropped from her place  
To a serpent's embrace.  
Wailing, the mother flew skyward again,  
And the silence that fell  
Was a funeral knell  
And the snake crawled away in the sand;  
With his prigeto his hole in the sand.











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